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And from that hour, consuming with love's
fire,
Oft have I struggled to dissolve the
chain,
And oft the tortur'd victim of desire,
Invoked calm Reason to assert her reign.
Vain efforts all ! since not mere beauty
wove,
My soul's firm fetters, nor mere sense
betray'd,
Thy charms of soul warm'd reason into
love,
And Cupid triumphs by Minerva's aid.

ON THE DEATH OF BENJAMIN HAUGHTON,
LATE OF BELFAST, SON OF SAMUEL HAUGH-
TON OF CARLOW.

AND has thy gentle spirit wing'd its
flight?
And are those eyes closed in eternal
night?
Those eyes, which once I thought upon
my bier,
Should pour the tribute of an honest tear;
For since thy in'ant form I first carest,
When life was newly kindled in thy
breast,
To this sad hour, on heavy pinions borne,
When o'er the extinguish'd spark of life
I mourn,
Have I not view'd thy fair, expanding
mind,
From the low dross of sordid arts refin'd,
Thy happy childhood, thy ingenious
youth,
Led on by nicest honour, firmest truth?
Ardent to taste, and Fancy's heights to
soar,
Yet heedful still of Wisdom's sacred lore,
I view'd thy soul, fair beaming from thy
eye,
Whether compassion heav'd the pitying
sigh,
Or, whether social joys thy cares beguil'd,
And genuine pleasure in thy features,
smil'd,

That soul, where every generous feeling
shone,
Which candour and benevolence can own.
I view'd—and hoped a long protracted
day,
Would crown the promise of thy morning's
ray,
But thou liest low, and o'er thy youthful
urn,
'Tis mine, with unavailing tears to mourn.
O thou! who dost not willingly destroy,
The tender sources of our blameless joy,
And when the billows of affliction roll,
Present'st an anchor to the sinking soul;
Sweeten this bitter cup, and oh! sustain
Her life, whose faithful heart is rent in
twain,
And whose unwearied cares have failed to
save,
Their dearest object from the dreary
grave,
And while her boy, unconscious for his sire,
Shall fondly seek, and anxiously inquire,
Oh! blunt the barbed dart—thy healing
balm,
And thine alone, these throbbing griefs
can calm!
Thou wilt the dews of consolation shed,
Upon the father's venerable head;
He who so oft has wept for other's woe,
Shall in this time of trial, comfort know,
And grateful sympathy her aid shall lend,
To him in whom the wretched find a friend,
Who, while beside his dying child he
mourn'd,
To Heaven his streaming eyes, adoring
turn'd,
And patient, stifled the parental moan,
To count the blessings which were still
his own;
O may these blessings evermore increase,
May every sorrow end in perfect peace,
And far, oh far! remote the period be,
When thus, dear friend our tears shall
stream for thee.

MARY LEADBEATER.

2nd. month, 1810.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS MANU- FACTURES, &c.

*Patent of M. Randolph, Tschiffeli de
Roche for improvements in the pro-
cesses of Brewing.*

Dated Sept. 1809.

M. DE ROCHE's improvements
in brewing consist
1st. In a method of colouring porter
by malt only, without losing any part

of its fermentescible substance, by
means of roasting the skins or husks
of the malt, after they have been
separated from the ground malt.

2d. In making from malt vinegar,
almost entirely deprived of essential
oil, which will be previously separated
from the malt itself.